Write Out Of The Shower

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Write Out Of The Shower

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will gets out of the shower to find Hannibal has returned from his latest publicity photoshoot with a new wardrobe and an interesting make over

Sequel to Write Here, Write Now - a writer AU where Will and Hannibal are both best selling authors.

Notes

All because of those damn photos!!!

When Will stepped out of the shower he could hear movement in the bedroom. He wrapped a towel around his waist and walked into the room butwas surprised to see Hannibal wasn't already in there. However, on the bed was a pile of clothes, some still in protective wrapping.

From today's photoshoot. Will reasoned. Hannibal had been at a publicity shoot set up by their agent for most of the day. It was the first set since Hann had started to dress a little less, what he might call, elegant. What Will called fussy. The look had been fine for his solo career, but now they were writing together - and more serious works - it was a slightly bizarre image. Hannibal, for his part, had been glad to leave it behind. Though Will knew he missed some of the suits - not that he'd ever admit it. Much as Will would never admit that he had found him sexy in many of them.

What he found sexier though was the new look Hannibal had let himself grow into - more casual, more relaxed, a neatly trimmed full beard. And *fuck!* The things that beard did to him. Will hadn't realised quite how into bears he was until Hannibal had grown that beard. And now almost every time he looked at it he was reminded of how it felt against the inside of his thighs. He felt his cock stir just at the thought and let out a low chuckle as he began looking through the clothes.

There was some nice stuff, Hann's size of course, but that didn't stop Will picking a crisp blue-white shirt.

Dior Homme, nice. Will slipped into the shirt, and let it soak up the wetness of his skin. He pulled the collar to his nose and smelt Hannibal there, his dick twitching again in response. He chuckled at how ridiculous he was, it wasn't like Hannibal had been gone for a week or

something. Only a day. But they were still in their literal honeymoon period. He twisted the ring on his finger with a smile.

He started to push some of the clothes around on the bed to get a better look. Some of them were really nice - winter jackets, a couple of lovely thick wool coats. All very much Will's taste, but not really Hannibal's, even if they suited him. The thick woollen, cream coloured, turtle neck made Will laugh aloud. That was definitely *not* Hannibal and he wondered if he might have looked slightly ridiculous in it.

He heard footsteps on the stairs and turned to as Hannibal lugged a pile of clothes in and dropped them on the bed. When the clothes dropped, so did Will's smile as he stepped back and leant against the mirror and wall.

"They cut your fucking beard!" Somewhere between disbelief and seething.

Hannibal stood by the bed in his jeans and checked shirt, the lumberjack look that Will had been quite fond of, now looked slightly off. Clean shaven, longish hair lightly slicked back, Will did not approve at all. And this was the look that they were going to put on the back of the books? He had a mind to call their agent Bev and chew her out about the whole thing.

For his part, Hannibal looked bewildered and Will realised the he was leaning against the mirror in a wet shirt, glaring at his husband. A pile of ridiculous clothes that Hannibal would likely never wear again, sitting on the bed between them.

Hannibal broke into a laugh. "I told them you'd be pissed."

Will continued to glare as Hannibal made his way around to him. "And you still let them do it." Will accused.

Hannibal laughed again, this time close enough to pull Will from against where he was leaning and into a damp embrace. "I'm practically a cave man Will, it'll be back by the end of the week."

Will was so caught up in his own anger over it, that it seemed to be feeding itself and he knew he really was taking this a bit more seriously than he should. After all Hannibal was right. But Will felt good in his righteous indignation over the whole thing. *And Hannibal hadn't even tried to stop them!*

Hannibal was going to look even more ridiculous than he did in that smoking jacket with that damn cat.

"Why can't you ever just have a normal fucking photoshoot." Were Will's final, salty words on the subject as Hannibal's mouth covered his pouting lips. Hannibal pulled him close and tried to deepen the kiss but was pushed away.

"I don't like it!" Will declared. This time a lighter note in there. A touch of a tease. He really couldn't be mad at Hannibal over something so silly. Even so he said "I'm not kissing you, or anything else, until you have at least a thick stubble."

“Oh Will.” Hannibal chuckled. Will felt a large hand skirt the top of his towel and then cool air as it was pulled away, leaving him in nothing but the damp shirt. With a grin Hannibal dropped to his knees in front of him and muttered - “We’ll see about that.” before he his mouth was too full to utter another word on the subject.

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